"Pencil Thin Mustache"

Now they make new movies in old black and white
With happy endings, where nobody fights
So if you find yourself in that nostalgic rage
Honey, jump right up and show your age

I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache
The "Boston Blackie" kind, or a
Two-toned Ricky Ricardo jacket
And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

Oh, I remember bein' buck toothed and skinny
Writin' fan letters to Sky's niece Penny
Oh, I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache
Then I could solve some mysteries too
Oh it's Bandstand, Disneyland, growin' up fast
Drinkin' on a fake I.D
And Ramar of the jungle was everyone's Bawana
But only jazz musicians were smokin marijuana
Yeah, I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache
Then I could solve some mysteries too

But then it's flat-top, dirty bop, copin' a feel'
Grubbin on the living room floor
They send you off to college to try to gain
A little knowledge
But all you want to do is learn how to score
Yeah, but now I'm gettin' old, don't wear underwear
I don't go to church, and I don't cut my hair
But I can go to movies and see it all there
Just the way that it use to be

That's why I wish I had a pencil-thin mustache

The "Boston Blackie" kind, or a

Two-toned Ricky Ricardo jacket

And an autographed picture of Andy Devine

Oh, I could be anyone I wanted to be

Maybe suave Errol Flynn or the Sheik of Araby

If I only had a pencil-thin mustache

Then I could do some cruising too

Yeah, Brylcream, a little dab'll do yah

Oh, I could do some cruising too